



THE BUFFALO BILL STORIES

A WEEKLY PUBLICATION
DEVOTED TO BORDER HISTORY

Issued Weekly. By Subscription \$2.50 per year. Entered as Second Class Matter at New York Post Office by STREET & SMITH, 238 William St., N. Y.

No. 21.

Price, Five Cents.



"I WILL SAVE YOU!" SAID BUFFALO BILL, AS THE MAIDEN SANK ON HER KNEES BEFORE HIM.—(CHAPTER XVIII.)



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BUFFALO BILL'S VICTORIES.

By the author of "BUFFALO BILL."

CHAPTER XVI.

TO WIPE OUT A LIFE DEBT.

Into a far frontier military post dashed the mail-rider, and all the garrison eagerly awaited the distribution of the letters, each man hoping for a line from home, or from the one he loved.

"William F. Cody—Buffalo Bill!"

In answer to the adjutant's call, "the handsomest and bravest man in the army," as the scout was called by his comrades, arose from his seat on a blanket, saluted the officer, received his letter, a rather curious expression on his face as he looked at the address, and muttered:

"I know that writing."

Returning to his blanket, spread beneath a tree, Buffalo Bill opened his letter and read the contents, a cloud coming on his stern, handsome face as he did so.

Without comment he read it through, and then said to his comrade, Wild Bill, who shared his blanket seat, and was intently puffing away at his pipe:

"I say, Wild Bill, you have heard me speak of Lawrence Secor, of Texas?"

"The young banker you met in Santa Fé, and who was so good to you when you were sick there?"

"Yes, that's the man, and he nursed me through a fever, and I know saved my life, for I came mighty near crossing over the Dark River, and but for him I would.

"I went there with dispatches, you know, and Lawrence Secor, a stranger to me, then acted the part of a brother to me."

"He's the kind to tie to, Bill."

"Right you are, and I intend to do so, for, as you are at the fort now, I can leave it to help him, and that's what he asks me to do."

"No trouble?"

"Yes, and of a serious kind, for he was cashier in a bank. It was robbed, and the crime was put upon him, and, not wishing to go to prison, he cleared out, and has been in hiding.

"But now he writes to me that he has found out that

the real bank robber, and who was with him at Santa Fé, and whom I knew slightly, has had to fly for his life, and to a certain part of the country, where this letter states, and Secor says that if I can capture him alive he can be forced to tell the truth as to who it was who robbed the bank, and thereby take the stain off him, and let him hold up his head among honorable men once more."

"And he asks you to do this?"

"Yes, or about that, for he begs me to meet him at a certain point in New Mexico, and plan to get hold of this man, whose name is Wirt Weldon."

"And of course you'll go, Buffalo Bill, for it is not your nature to refuse the appeal of a friend," said Wild Bill.

"No, I owe it to Lawrence Secor that I am alive to-day, and I shall not refuse to wipe out a life debt when in my power to do so."

"He sacrificed a great deal to stay there and nurse me as he did, and I'll tell more, for, one night when he was sitting up with me, a Mexican whose brother I had sent to prison sought to slip into the hacienda and knife me; but Lawrence Secor sent a bullet into his heart, though he got the knife into his arm in my defense."

"When do you go, Pard Bill?"

"To-night."

"Going to take along any of the boys?"

"No; I play a lone hand in this game."

"Be gone long?"

"Don't know—I am going to find the thief, Wirt Weldon, and when I take a trail, I generally see the end of it."

"That's your style, Buffalo Bill, and luck to you; but if you need help, send for some of us, and if they wipe you out in that country, we'll go down and avenge you," said Wild Bill.

And that night, mounted upon his splendid horse Chief, and with a second fine animal carrying a pack-saddle well supplied with all that he would need, Buffalo Bill set out on his long trail into New Mexico to wipe out a life debt, a trail that proved to be a red one before the end was reached, as this story will show.

CHAPTER XVII

THE WARNING.

"Don't cross the Dead Line, pard, or there will be mourning in your family."

"What Dead Line?"

"Yer don't see it, for it ain't marked only in your mind; but it's there all the same, and the white man as crosses that range into the Indian country, never comes back alive."

"Is it as bad as that?"

"It is worse, for, you see, there was a white settlement in this valley at one time, now five years ago, and the only thing that tells the tale now is ashes and graves."

"The settlers were massacred, then?"

"They were."

"By the Indians?"

"Who else? for the Injuns claim this country, and they told the palefaces to keep their hands off. But there is findings of both gold and silver in the mountains yonder, and there was some who couldn't keep their hands off, and they went there in secret and begun to work in a cañon."

"Well?"

"The Injuns had their eyes on 'em, and one night swept down the gulch and killed every man of the party. Having tasted blood, like a wolf, and loving the flavor, they came down into the valley."

"You see how peaceful it looks now in the sunlight, but it was a scene of wild fright and death on that night, I can tell you, for I was one who dwelt there."

"You?"

"Yes, I was one who had my little home here, and I guesses I was about the only one who escaped. You see that tree yonder by the stream, standing all alone?"

"Yes."

"There be thirteen graves under that tree, men, women and children, and I can show you more just such fatal spots."

"This is a sad story to tell, my friend."

"It will be still more sad if you go across that range,

or since that night no white man has gone there and lives to tell the tale, and that is why they call it the Dead Line."

"Yet you appear to dwell here unmolested?"

"Yes, for the redskins can do me no more harm now, and I haunt this valley of death like a spirit, to be near those I loved, and I am only waiting to go on the same long trail when my time comes; and it won't be long now, for, you see, my hair and beard are getting white now, and I am growing old."

"I hope you may live many long years yet, my friend, and I am glad to have met you, for you can give me some information I seek about this country; and, more, can find a home soon with those who will be kind to you in your declining years."

"Who are they?"

"Settlers who are following me, for the redskins cannot keep back the tide that sets westward."

"No! no! no! They must not come here! They must not come!"

"But they are coming, and they are not a day's journey behind me."

"Then they are doomed."

"I hope not, sincerely."

"Who are you, anyway?"

"Only a guide and a scout, the one who is leading the train of settlers to this fair land."

"Then you lead them to their death."

"I trust such will not be the case; but they seek homes here, and engaged me to guide them back on the trail. The water was not the best where they had settled, and they concluded to push on, so I came on ahead to seek a better place of settlement. I had found it in this valley, and was just admiring its beauty, when you came so suddenly upon me, for I had not believed there was a human being within many, many miles of me."

"I am the only one, and I urge you to turn back, to keep your people from coming here, or they are doomed."

"I will camp here to-night, and return over my trail

to-morrow and give them your warning. It will remain for them to say what they will do."

"They will say come, and they are lost. I have warned you—I can do no more. Good-by," and the man wheeled suddenly and walked away, unheeding the call of the one he had warned to return and tell him more.

The one he had warned was Buffalo Bill.

He had stuck faithfully to his trail until he reached the appointed meeting-place with the one whom he had gone to serve, Lawrence Secor, and been welcomed with:

"I knew you would come, Buffalo Bill, and, with your aid, I can clear my name of the stain of dishonor now upon it."

"And your man?"

"I know where he is, and I have a plan of action to submit to you."

A few days later an emigrant train pulled out for the Valley of Doom, and Buffalo Bill was the chief guide of the outfit.

CHAPTER XVIII.

BUFFALO BILL'S DEAD LINE.

Buffalo Bill, true to his word, had gone back and met the wagon train of settlers, and told them just what the old settler had said.

He made known his warning and the story of the massacre, and advised them not to push any nearer the Indian country.

But they, having heard from him that the valley was a very beautiful one, with a winding stream through the center, finely timbered and with most fertile land, much of which had already been cleared and tilled, decided to go and settle there.

"You say that the doomed settlement numbered sixty souls, Buffalo Bill, and we are a hundred and fifty, so that we are much stronger, and, having been warned, will build a fort and be on the alert," said the train captain.

"Yes, we will go to the Doom Valley," was the decision of all; and so the guide was sent on ahead once more,

and with half a dozen horsemen to select a camping-place and location for the fort, which would be the first thing to build.

The party reached the valley at noon, and Buffalo Bill showed them the advantages of the place and its beauties, and they at once set to work to find a suitable place for the fort.

Leaving the settlers thus engaged, the scout went off on foot some distance from the camp.

He was in hope of again finding the old hunter, and explain to him that the settlers had decided to come on in defiance of the warning and his advice that they should not go so near the Indian country.

He sought the spot where he had met the old hunter, but found he was not there, so pushed on toward the cañon which was known as the Doom Pass, through which no paleface had dared to venture.

This was what the hunter had called the Dead Line, and beyond it the country was wild, rocky and mountainous in the extreme.

But Buffalo Bill pushed on for a couple of miles, wishing to see the country beyond the cañon. The Dead Line had no terrors he dared not face.

He had only his revolvers with him, for he had not expected to go far from camp when he started out; but he was a dead shot, a man of undaunted nerve, and knew not what fear was, though he was most cautious as a guide, where the lives of others were concerned.

He was continuing on through the cañon, going with caution now, for he knew that he was risking much upon that dangerous ground, when suddenly he heard the sound of running feet.

He at once sprang to cover in the crevice of the cliff upon one side, and drew his revolvers, for he knew that to start in flight would be to betray his presence to whoever was coming, while, not having been discovered, they would doubtless pass him by, as he had left no trail on that hard ground.

Suddenly into view, as he glanced up the cañon, came a young girl, flying like a deer, evidently in great fright,

as though she were pursued, for she would turn her head from time to time and look back.

A moment after there dashed into view a tall Indian chief, naked to the waist, wearing buckskin leggings and the full feather headdress of a chief.

Close behind him came others, until there appeared in view five redskins, all in pursuit of the young girl.

A glance at the latter was sufficient to show that she was a white girl, though her face and arms were darkly bronzed by exposure.

She was dressed in a close-fitting bodice of buckskin leggings and a short skirt, all heavily beaded and fringed and her dark auburn hair hung in heavy braids down her back.

This much did Buffalo Bill see, and also that the redskin pursuers were gaining upon her, and then he felt called upon to act.

The odds were all against him, but he was not the man to count odds when any one needed his aid, and especially when that one was a young girl, half Indian though she appeared to be.

Having made up his mind to act, Buffalo Bill quickly stepped out of his place of hiding.

Hardly had he done so, when the fugitive girl beheld him, and, with a cry of joy, bounded across a ravine to him.

Another moment and the young girl dropped upon her knees before him with the cry:

"Save me! Save me!"

"I will save you," was the determined reply of Buffalo Bill, as he leveled his revolver at the Indian chief and his braves, bringing them to a sudden halt by his bold act and unexpected appearance upon the scene.

Buffalo Bill stood at bay confronting the redskins. But he did not fire, and for good reasons.

He stood ready to kill, yet would not kill unless forced to do so.

A man of the plains, an army scout, no man knew better than he that in a half-patched-up truce between the In-

dians and whites, the death of one redskin would bring on a deadly war.

And so he waited, yet ready to act.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE SECOND MEETING.

It was a thrilling scene there in that wild cañon, when the young girl knelt at the feet of Buffalo Bill, her hands upraised pleadingly, her eyes riveted upon his handsome, stern face, as he confronted the chief and his braves.

That the Indians were amazed and startled there was no doubt, for they had come to a sudden standstill, the chief grasping his warclub, yet standing upright and defiant before the young guide and scout.

A short distance up the cañon were the four warriors, one of them armed with a rifle, the others with their warclubs only, for in the chase after the fugitive girl they had thrown aside their weapons it appeared.

Buffalo Bill was there to fight, if forced to do so in defending one so piteously pleading to him to save her, and while one revolver covered the broad, red breast of the chief, the other was turned upon his braves.

"Back, or I fire! I will not let you lay a hand upon this young girl!" he cried, sternly, in the Indian tongue.

But, even as he spoke, one of the braves who was armed, threw his rifle to his shoulder and pulled the trigger.

The bullet clipped the shoulder of the scout, and at once his revolver answered the shot, and the brave dropped dead in his tracks just as the chief rushed upon him with his club. But a second time the revolver flashed, and the chief staggered forward and fell at his slayer's feet, while the other three braves darted away in rapid flight.

"Oh, sir, you are alone here, and they will bring others to kill you, so fly for your life!" cried the girl.

"And leave you here to your fate? Oh, no! I will never do that."

"But I can return to my people, to my father, who is chief of the tribe."

"You are no Indian girl."

"No, I am a paleface, but my father is chief of the tribe. He hates his people, and even you will not be safe if he sees you, so you must go, though I love the palefaces."

"And who were those Indians that were your foes?"

"The bad chief, Black Heart, and his braves, who sought to carry me off and make me his wife. You have killed him, and his warriors will track you down, so go at once and never enter these mountains again."

"Why not?"

"Oh, I cannot tell you why, but you must go now."

"Why will you not go with me to those who will care for you?"

"No! no! I must stay with my father. Go now, for I dare not remain here longer—good-by," and she bounded away like a deer across the cañon and disappeared in the distance.

"Well, who and what is that strange girl? How beautiful she is in face and form, and as innocent-faced as an angel, yet a dweller among savages. I must see her again, and know more of her; but now I must get out of here, that is certain, for this is no safe place for a white man and those two dead Indians lying there."

With this Buffalo Bill at once walked rapidly away down the cañon, the way he had come.

He had just reached the place where it entered the range, when he came suddenly upon the old white hunter whom he had seen two days before.

He appeared to know of his being in the cañon, and was apparently awaiting his return. The hunter stood leaning upon his rifle, and said, as Buffalo Bill approached him:

"You heeded not my warning, I see."

"I told those whom I guided here just what you said to me, and warned them not to come; to heed your warning."

"And they heeded not my warning?"

"They concluded to take all chances."

"Then their doom is sealed."

"I hope not, most sincerely."

"I know so, for I have had bitter, cruel reason to know, and now warn others in vain."

"We will be on the alert for danger, and I have promised to remain with them some months as a scout, and I wish you would aid me."

"No, I will do nothing more."

"You will surely visit the settlement, for your advice will be worth much to us all."

"No, my advice was unheeded, and I can do no more. But I heard shots up the cañon."

"Yes, I rescued a young girl from redskins who were in pursuit of her."

"A young girl?" asked the old man, quickly.

"Yes, a white girl."

"Where is she?"

"Gone back to her people, for she left me, after also warning me away."

"Then obey her warning and mine," and without another word the old hunter threw his rifle across his shoulder and walked rapidly away up the cañon, the scout gazing after him, much impressed by his words and manner.

CHAPTER XX.

THE GHOST RIDE.

The spot selected by the advance guard of the emigrant train for a fort was an excellent position upon a hill, which commanded a fine view of the valley, for William Cody noted well its good defensive points.

There was a valley in the rear of the hill, where the horses and cattle could be sheltered while feeding, and it led to the banks of a small and clear stream.

Timber was plentiful near by, and when the train came up the men set to work at once cutting logs and building the fort.

Buffalo Bill had told of his adventure in the cañon, and that night all were on the watch for an attack by the Indians.

But day dawned and no alarm had occurred, so that

they began to hope that there would be no attack, and the wagons were placed in position as they arrived, and a party detailed as scouts to be on the alert for danger.

Days passed, and the emigrants left to Buffalo Bill the duty of scouting for redskins and hunting for game, while they worked, and as no Indians had been seen by their scout-guard, the people began to feel comparatively safe.

The fort had been finished, and then the families, having selected their lands, began to cut timber and erect strong and comfortable cabins, in which they could resist an attack if need be.

But each night they would all go to the fort to sleep for safety, as Buffalo Bill urged that it should be so, and his word was law.

One night, when all were gathered in the fort having a joyous time, as the cabins were about completed and the crops planted, suddenly a red glare was seen in the skies, and in dashed Buffalo Bill with the information that the cabins were on fire.

It was too true, for a score of cabins were seen to be in flames, scattered here and there through the valley, and in sight of the fort.

The settlers would have rushed to the rescue, but Buffalo Bill restrained them, well knowing the danger in their doing so.

"No, do not throw your lives away, for you will run right down into an ambush. You see that the old hunter's warning was true, and that the Indians will not let you make a settlement here," he said.

But the settlers were a determined lot of men, and they made up their minds that they would not be driven from the beautiful valley, and so they had a council of war and it was decided that Buffalo Bill should be made captain of a company of twenty young men who were to serve as scouts, and do duty as patrols day and night around the settlement.

This being decided upon, the scout selected his men and the next morning they were to report for duty.

With sad hearts the settlers visited their homes the

following morning, to find them but heaps of ashes; all had been burned to the ground.

But they were plucky men, and they at once set to work cutting more timber and hauling it to the same spots where their cabins had stood, determined to rebuild at once.

That night, placing his men on duty, Buffalo Bill started alone upon a scout, and he wended his way toward the mountains.

He had just reached the cañon the old hunter had called the Dead Line, when he came to a sudden halt, while his horse seemed to be greatly alarmed.

The moon was shining brightly, and there, not a hundred yards ahead, was a horse and rider. The horse was snow white, and the rider was dressed in a snowy robe that looked weird and ghostly in the moonlight as a shroud.

"It looks like a ghost," I declare. "But I shall see who and what it is," muttered the scout, and he rode forward once more.

As he did so, the white horse and ghostly rider rode on up the cañon, the latter waving its arms as though beckoning Buffalo Bill to follow.

Nothing daunted, the scout did so, and at last, as he reached a place where the cañon narrowed and became darker from the overhanging cliffs, he suddenly put spurs to his horse and dashed forward at full speed.

As he did so, the ghostly horse and rider sped away, and at once it became a chase.

For some distance did the scout pursue, to suddenly see the white horse and rider disappear in the shadows of the cañon, and, as he dashed out into the glare of the moonlight once more, he heard a mocking laugh, followed by the words:

"Ha! ha! ha! So you have been chasing the Ghost Guide of the mountains, have you?"

CHAPTER XXI.

A STRANGE STORY.

The scout at once drew rein, for a man stepped out of the shadow into the moonlight, which streamed upon the way before him. At a glance he recognized the hunter, and said:

"Well, we meet again, sir?"

"We do, and we'll meet again and again, young man, until the end comes."

"What end?"

"Your death."

The words were uttered most impressively, and a silence of a moment followed, when the scout said:

"You seem determined that I shall be killed off in this land."

"I know from the past what to expect in the future, and your doom is sealed."

"I have to take my chances as others do."

"Your chances to live are slight."

"Who was the rider that I was following a while since?" asked the scout, suddenly changing the subject from his own threatened fate to the grewsome fugitive he had pursued.

"A ghost."

"Bah!"

"You do not believe it?"

"I am no fool to believe in apparitions."

"It is no apparition."

"Are you so superstitious as to believe that the rider of that white horse was a spirit form?"

"I know it."

"You have seen it before?"

"Many and many a time, and death and destruction follows its every appearance, so I again warn you to leave these mountains."

"That I will not do, for my people have decided to remain here, and I am not one to desert them."

"They have had other warnings than my words that they should go."

"Yes, their houses were burned down in a night, just when they were completed."

"And will be again and again, while if they do not heed the warning that they are not wanted here, then their lives will be sacrificed."

"They have decided to take all chances."

"They are fools."

"Well, call them what you may, they have come here to remain. But now tell me of this white rider whom you call a ghost."

"There is no more to tell than that when you saw the spectre you were going directly into an ambush of Indians, and had you not pursued her, you would now have been a dead man."

"Ah! then your ghost was my good angel."

"Yes."

"Whose ghost is it?" asked the scout, entering into the humor of the old man.

"Well, it is the ghost of a young girl who was captured by the Indians and died in their village."

"A sad fate."

"She was to be the wife of a great chief, but she took her own life rather than become the bride of a foe to her race."

"Poor girl; but she acted wisely."

"She was buried with great ceremony in this cañon, for the Indians respect one who commits suicide, and ever since then these mountain trails have been haunted by her, mounted upon her snow-white horse, which she killed just before ending her own life."

"The horse is a ghost also, then?"

"Yes, for did you not notice that there was no sound of hoof falls?"

"I did observe that the horse ran very silently."

"Yes, horse and rider are spectres."

"And you say she led me away from danger?"

"Yes, as she has others."

"Indeed!"

"Yes, she led a wagon train away from an ambush

once, and again and again has she saved the lives of those who have sought to penetrate these mountains."

"Has she saved you?"

"Often, for I follow blindly where she leads now, and she often crosses my path."

"And the Indians?"

"Are afraid of her; terribly so."

"And you call her the ghost of the cañon?"

"Yes, the Ghost Guide of Golden Gulch, the settlers named her."

"Why is it called Golden Gulch?"

"Well, you see, the first settlers who came here took a foolish idea that there was gold in the canyon, and they set to digging for it."

"Did they find any?"

"Not one ounce of dust, I pledge you my word," was the quick response of the old hunter.

"Well, pard, your strange story of the Ghost Guide has deeply interested me, and I, too, will follow her when she crosses my path. Will you not change your mind, and come to camp with me?"

"Never! I live my life alone," was the stern reply, and the hunter threw his rifle upon his shoulder and walked rapidly away, just as he had done when meeting the scout before.

CHAPTER XXII.

TRAILING A GHOST.

In spite of himself, Buffalo Bill was impressed by the strange story, told him by the old hunter, of the unfortunate white captive, who had taken her own life rather than become the wife of an Indian chief.

Of course, he did not for an instant believe in the ghost story, and yet he could not but feel that there was something weird about it, and which he could not understand.

Who was the young paleface girl whom he had rescued from the chief, Black Heart, and his braves? he asked himself.

Who was the rider whom the hunter called a ghost?

These questions the scout could not answer to his own satisfaction, but he made up his mind that he would solve the mystery hanging over the white maiden he had seen, and the one known as the Ghost of Golden Gulch.

"There is another mystery, too, for me to fathom, and that is all about this old hunter. He certainly has a home about these mountains, and it is strange that he warns me of a danger that he must daily face himself.

"I will devote myself to the solution of what now appears so strange and unaccountable to me," muttered Buffalo Bill, as he rode slowly back to the camp of the settlers.

The next day he gave certain orders to his band of young rangers, to which they were to strictly adhere, and then he prepared for his journey into the mountains upon a scout, and alone.

He mounted his horse, and had equipped himself for a week's stay, if necessary, for solve the mystery he would.

He made his way to the cañon, known as the Golden Gulch, and halted there for nightfall.

The moon rose with the going down of the sun, and lighted by its rays, he made his way on into the cañon, going slowly along with the greatest caution, for well he knew the danger he was facing.

He passed the spot where he had seen the ghostly rider and white horse the night before, and rode on up the cañon, which penetrated further into the mountains, and to the very heart of the Indian country.

Suddenly there appeared before him a white horse, and upon his back was the same ghostly looking form that he had seen the night before.

But the horse was not flying from him now, but facing him, and the rider was warning him back with earnest gestures.

But Buffalo Bill had come to trail that ghostly horse and rider, and heeded not the warning.

Instead, he put spurs to his horse and dashed forward.

He saw the rider half turn, hesitate, and then dash toward him.

But only for a few bounds of her horse did she come

on, and then, wheeling quickly to the left, both steed and rider disappeared from sight, with a suddenness that was startling, and did indeed appear to give the idea that they were apparitions.

But the scout held on with the same speed, and, coming to the spot where the white horse and weird rider had disappeared, he saw a narrow cañon penetrating the wall of rocks.

The moon's light did not penetrate there, for all was darkness before him.

But Buffalo Bill merely drew his horse down to a slower pace, and rode boldly on into the cañon.

He followed its windings for half a mile or more—when once more he caught sight of the white horse and rider in the moonlight ahead, and he spurred quickly forward, to suddenly feel his horse stumble, and then go heavily down among the rocks.

Unable to save himself, Buffalo Bill fell heavily, and lay motionless, either stunned or killed by the fall.

His horse arose after an effort, neighed wildly, and then ran rapidly on through the cañon, leaving his rider still as death where he had fallen.

Thus the moments glided away until half an hour had passed, and hoof falls were heard approaching.

Then appeared in sight a young girl, leading the scout's horse.

Quickly she knelt by the side of the prostrate form, her hands rested upon his head, his pulse, and she said quickly:

"No! no! he is not dead. I must save him."

He seemed to hear her voice, for he moved, and after a great effort sat up, though the act wrung from him a groan of anguish.

The moonlight fell upon the form kneeling by his side, and he said faintly:

"You are the girl I rescued from the redskins?"

"Yes; and it is my chance now to return the favor. Come, you are badly hurt; but if you can mount your horse with my help, I will take you where you can be cared for."

"Where?"

"To my home. Come!"

It was with the greatest difficulty that he was able to mount his horse, but at last it was accomplished, and the young girl, taking the bridle rein, led the horse on through the cañon, and for a couple of miles further into the mountains.

At last she stopped, to the surprise of Buffalo Bill, at a stoutly-built cabin, and, aiding him to dismount, she helped him into the hut, and made him lie down upon a bed of buffalo and bear robes there, while she threw wood upon the fire burning upon the hearth.

The wood blazed up brightly, while the scout, suffering intensely, dropped his length upon the bed of robes, completely prostrated, and unable almost to move, for he was severely hurt by his heavy fall with his horse.

Just then a heavy step was heard without, and the young girl quickly seized her rifle and stepped between the scout and the door.

Hardly had she done so when the door was opened, and a white man entered, and with a look of the most savage ferocity upon his evil countenance.

He glared first at the girl, and then at the prostrate form of the scout, and his whole look and manner indicated savage hostility.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE RENEGADE LOVER.

Had his life depended upon it, Buffalo Bill could not have moved from the bed of robes, where he had half-fallen upon entering the cabin.

His fall with his horse had dislocated one shoulder; he was cut, bruised, and shaken up generally, while he suffered in every joint.

There he lay, utterly helpless, gazing upon the man who had entered the cabin, and whom he saw in a dazed sort of way was a white man, hence he could hardly expect to find in him a foe, in spite of his cruel, evil face.

Buffalo Bill beheld a man of stout frame, clad in a

buckskin coat, corduroy pants, heavy boots, and a fox-skin hat.

His hair was unkempt, his beard grizzly, and his face one that showed the villain in every feature.

The stranger carried a long rifle and a revolver, and stood gazing first at the girl and then at the scout.

"Who be that dandy, fer he do be dressed as fine as a deacon in his Sunday clothes?" grunted the man, gazing at Buffalo Bill, and alluding to the style of dress which the scout wore, for he always dressed well, in an attractive border attire.

"This gentleman is one whom I found injured and suffering in the cañon, Si Kent, and brought to my home to prevent his being killed by the redskins," answered the young girl, in a tone that was defiant, as was her look when she met the gaze of the intruder, while she still held her rifle in her hand.

It was the same beautiful girl whom Buffalo Bill had rescued, as the reader is aware, only now she was dressed somewhat differently, for she wore a longer skirt, handsomely embroidered, and in her hair were a number of gorgeously-dyed feathers.

"If he's so bad off I'd better put a bullet inter him, and take him outer his mis'ry," growled Si Kent, and he raised his rifle as though to carry out his diabolical threat.

But quick as a flash the rifle of the young girl covered the man, and her voice rang with anger as she cried:

"If you dare attempt such a cruel, murderous deed as you threaten, Si Kent, I will send a bullet through your cowardly heart."

The man dropped his rifle quickly, for he saw that the girl meant just what she said, and he knew her.

Then he said, as though to turn the conversation:

"Don't be a fool, Golden Hair, for you know I was joking; but let me tell yer square, while I is here, that I don't want no nonsense atween you and thet stranger, for you is promised ter be my wife, and it's got ter be, so don't yer fergit it."

"You have my father's promise that I shall marry you,

Si Kent, and if I cannot escape from a fate so cruel, I suppose that at the end of the year I will have to submit.

"But this stranger saved me when Black Heart and his braves sought to kidnap me and bear me away, and I am glad to help him in return. He was riding through the cañon, and his horse fell among the rocks with him, and he may be fatally hurt, but I hope not."

"And I hope he is."

"Then there is no need to ask you to see how badly he is hurt, as you would not help him if you could."

"Yer is right thar, girl."

"Where is my father?"

"He's a comin', I guessees, fer he was about leaving the village when I come away. I'll drop round agin ter see how ther dandy gits along, and the moment he is able ter walk, I'll escort him across the Dead Line, and tell him it will be his sartin death to ever come this way agin."

"You will do nothing of the kind, for I will go with him to the Dead Line, and tell him of his danger here."

"Don't tell him nothin' else, gal, mind yer."

"I am no traitress to my father, if he is a renegade."

"But yer might be ter yer lover, who is me, Golden Hair," and with this the evil-faced man left the cabin, while Golden Hair gave a sigh of relief at his going, and again turned to note the effect of his visit upon Buffalo Bill.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE RENEGADE'S DAUGHTER.

When Si Kent had left the cabin, Golden Hair went to the door and listened, as though she expected he would still remain outside.

But she heard his footfalls retreating, and then she put more wood upon the fire, got a wooden basin of water and went to the side of the scout.

"I have to thank you for saving my life."

"Don't talk of thanks now, only tell me where you are hurt."

"My left shoulder is out of place, and I am generally

bruised up; but if you could aid me to my horse I might get back to camp."

"You would lose your scalp before you had gone a mile, for you are in the Indian country here, where I warned you not to come."

"I was trailing a ghost," he said, with a faint smile.

"A ghost?"

"Yes, one known as the Ghost Guide of Golden Gulch."

"I have heard of her," she said, thoughtfully.

"Have you seen her?"

"Yes."

"Who is she?"

"No one appears to know; but she guides palefaces away from danger, when she can do so, it is said."

"And who are you?"

"Golden Hair."

"That is the name the Indians gave you?"

"Yes."

"That does not answer my question, though."

"I am the daughter of a man who is known as Red Hand the Renegade, and who is the white chief of the Indian tribe who dwell in these mountains," and a look of intense sadness passed over the face of the beautiful young girl.

"I cannot believe that you are the daughter of such a man, for I have heard of Red Hand the Renegade and white chief, as one who lives among the Indians, hates his own people, and seeks to harm them whenever it is in his power."

"Alas he does; yet I am his daughter, and were it not that you saved me from Black Heart, I would not have dared bring you here, for he would kill you. As it is, he will be very angry with me."

She had hardly uttered the words when a step came upon the doorsill, and into the cabin strode a tall man with iron gray hair and beard, dressed in buckskin.

He did not see the prostrate form of the scout upon the robes, and stood full in the glare of the firelight, while the young girl said:

"Father, do not be angry with me, but I found this

stranger severely hurt, by the falling of his horse, and brought him here to aid him."

One glance, and with an angry exclamation the man sprang towards the scout, at the same time whipping out his knife.

Buffalo Bill did not move, did not flinch, and there is no doubt that the renegade would have buried the knife in his heart had not Golden Hair grasped his hand and cried:

"Father Father! This is the one who saved me from Black Heart."

The knife fell from his grasp, and stuck quivering in the floor, while Buffalo Bill said:

"You are the hunter whom I met, and you are the renegade white chief of the Indians as well."

"Yes, I am the man whom you met, and whose warning you would not heed. You came into these mountains, and even my influence cannot save you from the redskins now; but I cannot kill you; no, no, I cannot; but they will."

"No, father, for they know not of his presence here; only Si Kent knows."

"Si Kent knows, girl, and did not kill him?" said the old man, with evident surprise that his fellow renegade should have shown any mercy to the scout.

"Oh! he would have done so, of course, only he knew that I would kill him if he attempted it. I told him so."

"You threatened him?"

"I did, and should have kept my threat," was the determined response.

"Don't go too far with Si Kent, girl."

"I do not fear him; but come, father, you were a physician long ago, you told me, so please help this poor man, as I would not be here now but for him, and you say you love me."

"Do you doubt it, girl? Come, I'll do what I can for him; but his life is worth but little, now that he has crossed the dead line into these mountains," and the renegade set to work to see just how severely Buffalo Bill was hurt.

The renegade chief did prove himself a good surgeon, for, with the aid of Golden Hair, he replaced the arm of Buffalo Bill in its socket and dressed his other injuries, after which he was allowed to go to sleep.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE ESCAPE.

Buffalo Bill awoke in the morning feeling much better, but very sore, and found that Golden Hair had prepared a good breakfast for him of antelope steak, hoecake, and coffee.

The renegade chief had gone up to the village of the Indians, many miles distant, for he lived apart from them with his daughter.

Golden Hair told Buffalo Bill that her father had promised her that he would protect him, and she hoped he would do so, but she added:

"Now, I am glad to see you so much better this morning, and I believe, as you say, you are able to go back to your people; but let me ask you to pretend to be utterly helpless for some days, for I am sure Si Kent and my father are plotting some mischief, and I'll find out just what it is."

Thus several days passed, and one afternoon Golden Hair came in, her face very pale, and she said:

"I know what it is, for I hid among the rocks and heard father and Si Kent plot to surprise your people some night soon, and crush them."

"My God! I must warn them at once."

"No, you can do nothing, for the mountains are full of Indians, and you would be discovered, while I can go and come at my will; and I will warn your people of danger, though you must leave here to-night."

"I will gladly go and aid them."

"No; you are not able to do any fighting, and you cannot reach them; but you can depart by the northern trail, for there will be no redskins in that direction, and you can make your way to Santa Fe."

"And desert my people?"

"You can do them no good after my warning."

"Well, I can make my way around the range and join them."

"Yes, if they are not driven away or massacred."

"Heaven grant not the latter; but I shall not leave you to the cruel fate you will meet by remaining here."

"Let me tell you something."

"Well?"

"I overheard enough between the chief and Si Kent to cause me to leave here. The only way open for escape from here is to go to Santa Fe, and I will go there and join you, if you will let me be your sister; but now you must go from here, and I will warn your people."

"But you cannot come alone."

"Oh, yes, as I have been there before, for there is where we go to get provisions and I know the trails well and am not afraid. You must do as I say, Buffalo Bill, or I will remain here and accept my fate."

"I will be guided by you; but do not delay in giving warning to the settlers."

"I will go just as soon as I have told you how you are to escape, and which trails to take. I will soon have all prepared for your going."

Half an hour later she returned, and the two held a long conversation together; after a while, as night was coming on, Golden Hair bade Buffalo Bill good-by and left the cabin.

She had been gone an hour and it was just growing dark, when the renegade chief entered the cabin and said:

"Well, pard, you were worse hurt than I thought to stick to your bed so; but where is my girl?"

"She went out some time ago."

"You must not make her love you, for she is to marry Si Kent, you know. I am going away now on a trail, and I'll have news for you soon, I guess."

With this the renegade chief left the cabin, and soon after Buffalo Bill arose from his bed, took from under the fur robes a bundle Golden Hair had placed there for him, and went cautiously out of the door and made his

way to a little valley not far away, which she had directed him to.

There he found his horse and others lariatied out, and bridling and saddling his own animal he rode away in the darkness, following the trail which Golden Hair had told him he must take.

"I would like to go and join the settlers, but I could only get to them through the Golden Gulch, and that is full of redskins, so it is out of the question. No, I must do as Golden Hair told me, for she will warn them of danger, and soon as she can she will join me at Santa Fe. I am becoming most deeply interested in that wild little girl of the Indian camps and am anxious to save her from the fate that threatens, and I will indeed be a brother to her."

And so through the night Buffalo Bill held on his way, anxious to get beyond all danger of pursuit by dawn.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE ASSASSIN.

All of his fortune, such as it was, Buffalo Bill carried with him, and so when he reached Santa Fé, after a hard ride of it, he found that he would have to purchase a new outfit, for his clothes were torn and much the worse for wear.

He could find nothing but a costume half Texan, half Mexican, but he donned this, shaved off his beard of some weeks' growth, leaving only his mustache, and with top boots and a slouch hat, felt that he was once more fitted out for whatever might turn up in his life, though he was still sore and bruised from his fall.

He was anxious about the settlers, and to know their fate, and he was more anxious for the coming of Golden Hair as she had promised, and each day he was wont to mount his horse and ride for miles out on the trail which he expected she would come by, hoping to meet her.

After a few days more he had fully recovered from the effects of his fall and was feeling himself again, and

made up his mind that if she did not come soon he would go back to the settlement in Doom Valley, see his friends there, and try to meet her again, for he was determined to rescue her from her cruel fate.

Buffalo Bill had noticed that he was an object of interest to several persons about Santa Fé, two of whom appeared to avoid him, though at the same time apparently watching him.

It seemed to him that he had met one of them before, but he could not place where or when.

In his rides out of the town, in the hope of meeting Golden Hair, he was wont to turn back each day upon reaching an old ruin, which had once been a Spanish Mission.

One day, just as he had turned his horse in the trail which ran close to the ruined Mission, a man's head and shoulders appeared suddenly over the top of the wall, a flash and report followed, and Buffalo Bill dropped from his horse.

There was a yell of delight as the man disappeared over the wall, and a few minutes after he came cautiously around the ruin into the trail.

He stood a moment, watching the motionless form of his victim, and then advanced quickly toward him.

"Now for a rich haul, for he has money in plenty, I well know," said the supposed Mexican, speaking in perfect English.

As he uttered the words he bent over the scout and thrust his hands into the inner pockets of his jacket.

But as he did so the arms of Buffalo Bill flew up and he was seized in a grasp of iron, while he was dragged to the ground, and found himself beneath the agile form of the scout, one of whose hands were upon his throat, the other leveling a revolver at his head.

The assassin uttered a startled cry at finding himself entrapped, and struggled violently, but he was like a child in the powerful grasp of the scout, who hissed out:

"I know your face now only too well, Wirt Weldon, and I have you at my mercy."

"Mercy, señor! Do not kill me," gasped the terrified man.

"Yet you sought to kill me!"

"I did not know you, señor. I thought——"

"Silence! You did know me, and plotted to kill and rob me. See, your bullet very nearly did fatal work, for it glanced along my temple and momentarily stunned me.

"I expected you would come to finish your work, and waited and caught you. And so we meet again, after long years, and this time in New Mexico! Well, I shall return with you to Santa Fé, and if they do not hang you when they hear my story I will be very much mistaken. Now, hold out your hands, that I may make you secure with my lasso, for I do not intend that you shall escape me."

Buffalo Bill was more than pleased at his capture, for Wirt Weldon was the very man he had gone to New Mexico to seek, the one who had made his friend, Laurence Secor, a fugitive from the law, accused of a robbery of which he was innocent.

Buffalo Bill, as has been seen, quickly answered the appeal of his friend Secor to aid him hunt down Wirt Weldon, whose crimes had also made him a fugitive from justice.

It was to find the man that Buffalo Bill had joined the emigrant train as guide and scout, expecting to thus reach the country where Wirt Weldon was known to be.

And thus, through going to Santa Fé to await the coming of Golden Hair, Buffalo Bill had found the man he sought, and found him a would-be assassin.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE CONFESSION.

Wirt Weldon, the clerk whose thieving acts with a companion had been laid upon Laurence Secor, was quickly and securely bound by the man who had started upon his trail.

"Now I will take you to Santa Fé and place you in prison there, if I can do so without your being taken

from me and hanged, when the men learn that you sought to kill and rob me," said Buffalo Bill, and his face showed that he was in deadly earnest, for there came over him the memory of how his life had been attempted by the man now in his power.

"For Heaven's sake do not take me to Santa Fé, for they will hang me. Spare my life and I will confess everything, Buffalo Bill. Yes, I will tell the whole story of my guilt, for I feel sure that Secor put you on my track, that you came here to find me."

"It is what I intend that you shall do, Wirt Weldon. Confess all, for you drove Laurence Secor away by your cruel charges, as he dared not go back after he discovered that he was looked upon as a thief, when he knew that you were the guilty one."

"I know that well, sir."

"Now tell your story, and do not forget that I have a memory that will be able to correct you when you are wrong."

"I will tell the truth now."

"I am ready to hear all that you have to say."

"You will unbind my hands, for this lasso cuts."

"No, I will not unbind you, and if it does hurt you it is only a little physical pain, while you have made Secor suffer agony untold, mentally, so now to your confession, Weldon."

"It was Leonard Duffingwell did it all."

"The banker's son was guilty?"

"Yes, he came to me and told me that I had the chance to rob the firm of certain money, and he would help me out if I got into a scrape. He knew that I had overdrawn my salary, and needed money greatly, and I knew that he owed large gambling debts. So I did as he directed, and we squared our debts, but only for the time being, as securing money so readily I kept up my thieving acts, knowing they would not be discovered until the accounts were closed at the end of the year. I at last saw that Secor suspected something was wrong, and intended to overhaul the books, and in alarm I reported the fact to Leonard Duffingwell. Then he began to plot, and the

result was that he made a clean breast of it to his sister. He knew her pride in her name, and that she would sacrifice her love, for she did love Lawrence Secor, but would give him up to save her brother. She therefore entered into the plot to send him away."

"And Lulu Duffingwell knew all this when she went to Secor and promised to marry him if he would do certain things she asked?" sternly said Buffalo Bill.

"She hoped her brother would allow him to go unsuspected, but she was weak, and took the chances of the guilt being fastened upon him. She loved him, yes; but was proud, ambitious, and would sacrifice her happiness for money."

"Go on with your story."

"So he left, and Leonard Duffingwell and myself fastened the blame upon him."

"I understand that now."

"He was looked upon as the guilty one, and, it being supposed that I was the one who found him out, I was promoted to his position. I found that I was at once at the mercy of Leonard Duffingwell, for he took what money he pleased, and left me to doctor the books. I also loved Miss Duffingwell, and I was foolish enough to believe that, with my bettered fortunes, I could win her. I found very soon that I was treated by her with contempt, and when at last her brother's acts got me into a tight place, I accepted his terms, which were to take five thousand dollars and skip the country. I arranged so as to leave when a holiday came upon Saturday, and so started Friday afternoon, which gave me three days' start of the discovery of my theft, and so I fled, and Leonard Duffingwell escaped through my flight, for I was the thief."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

A FATAL SHOT.

Buffalo Bill had listened to the confession of Wirt Weldon with the deepest interest, and, after a silence of some minutes, in which his thoughts were busy, he said:

"See here, Weldon, I will give you a chance for your life."

"Well?"

"I wish you to go with me to Santa Fé, and before a justice and witness make a written confession of your guilt, for one of these days I shall clear the name of Laurence Secor of the dishonor cast upon it by you and this Leonard Duffingwell."

"Will you protect me?"

"Yes, and I will do more. I will consider you in my employ, paying you so much a month, until I can get the pledge from the proper authorities in Texas, that you can turn State's evidence against Leonard Duffingwell."

"I'll do it, if I am assured I will not go to prison."

"I will arrange that for you, but I want this written confession from you first, in case, of your death, for that alone will clear Secor."

"I will give it to you, but don't let them hang me."

"I'll protect you, for I'll not report your attempt to kill me, unless your actions force me to do so—ah! some one is coming this way! Quick! Come into the shelter of this ruin."

The scout led his prisoner to a place of shelter, and had just done so when a horse and rider dashed into sight.

One look, and Buffalo Bill uttered a cry of mingled joy and surprise.

On came the rider, and suddenly Buffalo Bill stepped out and revealed himself.

Instantly the horse was brought to a halt, and the rider threw a rifle forward as though to fire.

"Don't pull a trigger on a friend, Golden Hair!" cried Buffalo Bill.

A cry of joy broke from the rider's lips, and, leaping to the ground, she ran toward the scout, while she said:

"I am pursued, for Red Hand and Si Kent are both after me."

"Let them come on, and they will find that it is their

last trail," and the scout prepared to fight just as a horseman rode into sight.

Leaping upon his horse, Buffalo Bill spurred forward to meet the horseman, whom he recognized as Red Hand, the renegade white chief.

The latter knew the scout, also, in spite of his changed costume, and it flashed upon him just why Golden Hair had fled from his protection, and he rode forward to meet the young borderman, while he shouted savagely:

"I know you, Buffalo Bill, and understand your game to rob me of my child. Now, it is your life or mine!"

The two were riding rapidly toward each other now, and with the utterance of his words, Red Hand began to fire his revolver.

His shot brought down Buffalo Bill's horse, but the scout alighted on his feet and with a second discharge from the weapon of the renegade, his own revolver flashed.

His aim was sure, for the renegade reeled in his saddle, clutched at the air, and fell to the ground just as Buffalo Bill grasped the reins of his horse.

"Don't fire again, for your one shot has been fatal. I have got my mortal wound," said the renegade, faintly.

"I never fire upon a man who is down, Red Hand, but would rather help you if I can. Let me see if I can do so."

"No, your bullet has done its work. Well, girl, I am dying, you see?" and the eyes of the renegade turned upon Golden Hair.

"Yes, and I am sorry for you, though, even believing you to be my father, I never loved you," said Golden Hair, though not in an unkind tone.

"You love this man, and I felt that it would be so when he saved you from Black Heart and his braves, and you brought him afterward to my cabin. Yes, I knew how it would end, and I felt that you had gone to join him, when I found that you had left the cabin, so I took your trail, Si Kent and I."

"Ah! he is with you, also, is he? I must have a look

after him," and Buffalo Bill leaped upon the back of the renegade's horse and rode back upon the trail at the full speed of the tired animal, leaving the white chief alone with Golden Hair.

CHAPTER XXIX.

RED HAND'S STORY.

The renegade watched the departure of the scout for an instant, and said:

"It is useless for him to pursue Si Kent, for he is no fool. He was close behind me when we were in the timber, and, seeing me fall, he at once fled back to the mountains, and his horse is a better one than mine. But I have something to say to you, girl."

"I am sorry to see your suffer, and wish that I could help you."

"But you cannot, for I know that I am beyond all human aid. I knew Buffalo Bill when I warned him back from the Dead Line, but he saved my life once, and, though he has forgotten it, I have not, and I would not kill him. Now he has killed me, but it is all my fault. I must talk fast, for I have not long to live, and now that I am brought face to face with death, I see my crimes in all their blackness. See here, girl, in spite of my hatred for you, I have learned to love you, and at times have wished you were my own child, which you are not."

"I know that I am not."

"How do you know it?"

"I overheard you tell Si Kent so."

"Ah! but you do not know all, and I will tell you now just who you are."

"Oh, thank you, thank you, for those words."

"I wish to tell you that I loved your mother with all my heart and soul. She was a beautiful girl then, and lived near my home in Delaware. But she was a sad flirt, or at least I felt that she had lured me on to loving her, and then cast me off.

"It may not have been so, but I thought so then in my jealous madness. She married the man who was my

rival in all that I did, and, driven to frenzy, I sought to kill him.

"I watched my chance, got all ready for my flight, and lay in ambush at the country schoolhouse which we all attended. He was going to call upon your mother one afternoon just a few days before they were to be married, when I shot him, as I believed then, killing him."

"Oh! how cruel!"

"Yes, it was a cruel deed, as I see it now."

"But did he die?"

"No, but he was badly wounded, and was found a few minutes after by your mother, who was riding to meet him. She rode rapidly for aid, he was taken to her home, a mile away, and, after months of suffering, recovered."

"And you?"

"Believing that I had killed him, I made good my escape. Well, I went from bad to worse, until at last I had to fly to the Indian camps for protection.

"Your mother married my rival when he recovered, financial reverses came upon them, and they came West to settle. They found a home, with others, in what you know as Doom Valley. I one day went there, and I recognized your father and mother. You were then a little girl, and your parents' prosperity maddened me.

"I became a jealous, crazed fool once more, and I vowed vengeance. You know how my fury fell upon all; I swept down from the mountains with my Indians and wiped out the settlement."

"Do not recall it, I beg of you, for now that night of horror comes back to me like a terrible dream," said Golden Hair, with a shudder.

"I do not wish to recall it, yet I cannot forget it. Your parents were both slain, but you I took with me, and by kindness tried to win your love.

"It was a hard task, but you were young then, and in time began to forget and to think that you were my daughter. You see, my hatred for your parents was so intense that I intended to visit it upon you, their child."

"Upon me, also?"

"Oh, yes; I intended that you should become the wife of an Indian chief, and selected Black Heart as the one."

"I know, I know!"

"But Si Kent had done much to help me, and was, like myself, a renegade, and he demanded that I would give you to him. I consented to do so, and then it was, when I broke with the chief, Black Heart, that he sought to kidnap you.

"But the scout, Buffalo Bill, saved you from him, and it ended just as I knew that it would, by your falling in love with him, and I cannot blame you, for he is a handsome, splendid fellow—ah! I hear him coming back, and Si Kent has escaped him," and just then Buffalo Bill came out of the timber, riding at a gallop toward the ruin, in the shelter of which the dying renegade lay.

CHAPTER XXX.

THE RENEGADE'S SECRET.

"Did you catch him?" eagerly called out the renegade, as Buffalo Bill rode up and dismounted.

"No, he had too good a start, and your horse was about used up, while I did not wish to leave Golden Hair here long alone."

"She is safe, but I must soon pass in my chips."

"Yes, you are dying, and I am sorry there is not something I can do for you."

"There is nothing. I deserve my fate, for I have just told Golden Hair the story of my evil life, and how I sought revenge even against her, from the hatred I felt against her parents. She will tell all to you, but let me make known to you that her name is Helen Truett, and that her kinsfolk can be found near Dover, Delaware.

"But let me atone all in my power toward her for the cruel wrong done her by telling you a secret which will be of great benefit to you and her. You are aware that

I told you that there was a young girl who committed suicide in the mountains, and that her ghost haunted the cañon?"

"Yes, I remember that you told me so."

"Well, it was untrue."

"Of course, for I never once believed in so weird a story."

"But let me make known to you that the ghost was Golden Hair here."

"You, Golden Hair?"

"Yes, for he made me do so."

"Yes, I made her play ghost to guide away from the cañon all settlers who attempted to come through that way into the mountains. I now know that Golden Hair warned off more than I supposed, for she wished to save their lives."

"Yes, I confess that I did," said the young girl.

"But I had a double motive in having Golden Hair play the ghost."

"Yes."

"I had discovered a secret in the cañon which I hoped one day to turn to great advantage to myself."

"A secret?"

"Yes, Buffalo Bill; I wished to keep the settlers out, for I knew they would quickly discover my secret, and so I did all in my power to scare them off."

"And you were successful?"

"Yes, in a measure, though I did not frighten you away."

"I wished to find out the position of the Indian village, that I might one day guide a force of soldiers against you, and avenge the massacre of the settlers of Doom Valley," said Buffalo Bill.

"Well, they are avenged by my death, for Golden Hair will tell you so after I am dead."

"But now to the secret which I hold."

"Yes."

"I had discovered that there was gold in the gulch."

"Gold?"

"Yes, and in large quantities."

"This is indeed a secret worth knowing."

"Yes, and it is a secret which I make known to you, Buffalo Bill, at whose hands I die."

"It was the fortunes of war that you fell and I escaped."

"Yes, and through your deadly aim. But I leave to you and to Golden Hair this secret, and she can guide you to the spot where the gold can be found, when I tell her that it is up in what we knew as Lost Cañon."

"I know it well," said Golden Hair.

"I have gathered much gold from there, and it is hidden beneath a rock near my cabin. There is all of thirty thousand dollars in gold hidden there, and you can easily treble that amount by a search in Lost Cañon."

"Does Si Kent know this?" asked Buffalo Bill.

"No, he does not even suspect it, for the secret is mine, and I give it to Golden Hair. You know where to find it, Golden Hair?"

"Yes."

"Lead the scout there, only he must not go unless he carries soldiers with him to drive the Indians further into the mountains. You would only lose your lives to go there alone, for Si Kent will prove as cruel a foe as I have been to my race."

The voice of the renegade had grown weaker and weaker as he talked, and at last his mind began to wander, and he talked of his boyhood; then of his love for Golden Hair's mother, and at last, with a whispered farewell, as reason suddenly came back and he saw Buffalo

Bill and the young girl bending over him, his spirit took its flight from the body, and the renegade white chief was dead.

CHAPTER XXXI.

GOLDEN HAIR'S WARNING.

It was a strange scene, there in the shadow of that old ruin, to see the scout and the young girl bending over the form of Red Hand, the renegade.

When at last the outlaw breathed his last, Buffalo Bill raised the form in his strong arms, and bore it into the ruin, where Wirt Weldon, securely bound, awaited him, wondering at the delay.

"Is he dead?" asked Weldon, anxiously.

"Yes."

"You killed him?"

"I did."

"Who is he?"

"He was known as Red Hand, the renegade white chief."

"I have heard of him often, and, more, I know that there is a reward of two thousand dollars upon his head."

"Serve me faithfully, and you shall have the reward, for I do not care to touch blood money, Wirt Weldon."

"You are very particular, but I do not draw the line so fine. I will serve you well, and in return I get my freedom and the two thousand dollars for the death of this man."

"Yes."

"You can surely depend upon me now."

"Very well, I will set you free, but remember I will kill you if you seek to escape me."

"I know when I am well off, and I will do as you wish, for, remember, Leonard Duffingwell served me as badly

as he did Lawrence Secor. But who is that girl? She is a beauty."

"That does not concern you, Wirt Weldon."

"Well, I won't interfere."

"You are wise not to."

With this, Buffalo Bill set the man free, and when all was ready for the return to Santa Fé the three mounted and rode away, the scout riding the renegade's horse and Golden Hair her own animal.

It was late when they arrived at Santa Fé, but Buffalo Bill reported to the authorities that he had killed the renegade chief, Red Hand, while he was pursuing a white captive, and that his body was to be found in the old ruined Mission. Then he took Wirt Weldon before a justice and two witnesses, and had him write down a full confession of his crime and Leonard Duffingwell's against Lawrence Secor.

This was duly sworn to and signed, and then the scout placed upon the outlaw a detective to watch his every movement, though he pretended to trust him wholly.

Taking Golden Hair, or Helen Truett, as she is known to the reader, to a pleasant abiding place while she was in Santa Fé, he placed her under the protection of a kind-hearted woman, and the next day called upon her to hear her story.

She told him how she had gone to the settlement and given warning of the intended raid of the Indians, and that he, Buffalo Bill, was in the Indian camp, and begged them to at once retreat from their perilous position. They had not heeded her warning, though her impressive manner convinced them of their danger, but decided to hold the position they then occupied.

Failing in her good intention, Golden Hair returned to her cabin; but, feeling that she was suspected by her pretended father, the renegade chief, she determined to make

her escape also, and join Buffalo Bill without further delay in Santa Fé.

Both the renegade chief and Si Kent suspected her of having caused the sudden flight of the scout, and they kept a watch upon her movements.

But she was as cunning as they, for her Indian training had taught her well how to act in the way of plotting against those whom she had now come to fear and hate with all the intensity of her nature.

Apparently not suspecting anything on their part, she planned her escape, selected her best horse, cooked provisions for a jaunt of several days, and started in the dead of night to go to Santa Fé. Having been there several times with her pretended father, she knew the way well, and at once, having escaped from the cabin and awaited her time, then set out upon the trail.

It was just dawn when the renegade chief discovered her flight, and he at once felt sure that her intention was to join Buffalo Bill, after whom he had sent a band of braves, who, however, had been unable to overtake the scout.

Calling Si Kent to his aid and bidding a number of his braves follow, the renegade chief had started in pursuit of the girl. As a paleface, and unknown to Santa Fé as a renegade, he dared venture near, though only with Si Kent, for he had halted his warriors back upon the trail. Had the chase continued on a few miles further—that is, had not Buffalo Bill ridden out upon the trail toward the river, Red Hand, the renegade, and Si Kent would without doubt have overtaken Golden Hair, for her pony was well nigh exhausted from the hard ride she had given him.

But, fortunately, Buffalo Bill was near, and he had saved her from capture, though he had taken the life of Red Hand, her pretended father, in doing so.

Such was the story told by Golden Hair to the scout, and happy was she in finding herself under the protection of the man who had vowed he would be a brother to her.

CHAPTER XXXII.

TO AVENGE.

Having heard the story of Golden Hair, as told by her, of her escape, and what she had to tell of the confession of the renegade chief, Buffalo Bill determined that he would not, even for the gold of the dead outlaw, allow the young girl to then go back into the mountains as his guide to find the golden treasure.

"No, Golden Hair, I have promised to be a brother to you, and I will keep my word, so I will not allow you to return, at least, not now.

"As the settlers did not retreat from Doom Valley when you warned them, my first duty is to them, and I shall leave at once for the Fort and lead a number of soldiers there, not only to protect them but to anticipate the Indians and strike a blow at them before they can act.

"We can then not only save the settlers in Doom Valley, but avenge those who have lost their lives there in the past.

"I feel sure that Si Kent will vent his rage by leading the attack upon the settlers, and which my escape, and later yours, prevented, and instead started the two renegades in pursuit of you.

"When you have given the Indians a lesson to remember, I can then go and find the renegade's gold mine, and can lay claim to it in your name, while the settlers whom you guided to the valley can have no further fear of the Indians, and they can stake out gold claims, also, in the mountains, and that will soon take enough people there to prevent their fearing an attack from redskins.

"The man, Wirt Weldon, whose story I told you, I will take with me, for he will not leave me until he receives the reward for the body of Red Hand, the renegade chief, dead or alive. That reward I will secure and hold it for him if he keeps his promise to me, for upon no account would I touch a dollar of blood money. When he has cleared the name of my friend from dishonor, when he is known not to have been the one who stole from Duffingwell & Company, and the real thief is in the hands of the law, then will I give to this man, Wirt Weldon, the reward I promised him along with his freedom."

Golden Hair, now known as Helen Truett, was more than willing to be guided by the scout in all things, and she was anxious to fit herself for a life which she had read of in books and only dreamed of. To do this, she must go to school and receive an education, for, though she had been taught by the renegade chief, she was yet, she now felt, very ignorant.

Having seen the girl provided for, Buffalo Bill made his way with all speed, accompanied by Wirt Weldon, to the nearest fort, and told the officer in command that he could guide an expedition in safety up into the Indian country, and that a large band of settlers, the second party to settle there, were then threatened by Indians, and he could lead the soldiers to their rescue, and to attack the redskin villages.

The commandant knew Buffalo Bill personally, and after hearing his story was convinced that he could do a great deal of good by accepting him as a guide and scout. He at once ordered out five troops of cavalry and two pieces of artillery for the expedition, which started without delay.

By rapid marches Buffalo Bill guided the party to Doom Valley, and there saw by the Indian trail that a

large party of warriors had lately gone on to aid in the attack upon the settlers.

So he pushed on along the trail, and, scouting well ahead, found the settlers besieged by the redskins, and having been fighting them off for several days.

A most complete surprise to the redskins was the attack of the soldiers, as planned by Buffalo Bill, and they were stampeded in every direction when the artillery opened upon them and the cavalry charged upon their rear. Having broken the redskin line, the officer in command told the settlers to return to the valley which they had left, while he, guided by Buffalo Bill, made a forced march across the Dead Line and up to the redskin village in the mountains, and which was left almost unprotected by Si Kent leading the band of warriors against the settlers in their retreat.

Si Kent had now become the white chief of the redskins in the place of Red Hand, the renegade, but before he could return to the village with his stampeded braves the soldiers, led by Buffalo Bill, had reached there, made a night attack, and scattered them through the mountains.

"We can catch the returning warriors, Major Taylor, in the Golden Gulch, for as we made a flank movement upon the village they will not suspect that we have attacked them," said Buffalo Bill to the officer in command, anxious to deliver a blow to be remembered.

The great scout's advice, after all he had done, was at once taken, and as Si Kent and his redskin braves came back in their retreat through Golden Gulch, they ran upon an ambush that was most disastrous to them. This third blow upon them by the gallant boys in blue broke the Indian power in the mountains adjacent to Doom Valley, and the soldiers were masters of the situation,

and a small post was established in the valley for fear of further trouble.

The settlers, whom Buffalo Bill had guided to the valley, returned to their homes, delighted to feel that they would now have a foothold on the frontier once more, and without fear of being driven away.

Buffalo Bill was the hero of the hour, and every home was open to him; but for some reason he preferred to take up his abode in the mountains, and he selected as his abiding place the cabin of Red Hand, the renegade.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE DUEL IN THE DARK.

When Buffalo Bill left the settlement for the mountains he had a double purpose in view.

He had asked Major Taylor to allow him to have a courier to send upon a special message to a settlement some distance away, and much nearer to Santa Fé than to Doom Valley.

The request was readily granted, and Buffalo Bill, having written two letters, gave them to the soldier courier and bade him deliver them to a certain person to whom they were addressed.

"Don't spare your horse, my man, and when you have delivered the letter your duty is done, so you can return to the fort.

"Here are a couple of months' pay for you, to make up for your hard ride," and the scout dropped a couple of twenty-dollar goldpieces into the courier's hand, and away he went at a gallop.

Then, telling Wirt Weldon to await him at the settlement, Buffalo Bill mounted his horse and rode up into the mountains.

He made his way at once to the cabin of old Red Hand, the renegade, and took up his abode there.

The scout remembered the secret told him by the dying renegade about his hidden gold, and also that gold had been found in Lost Cañon.

The scout was anxious to first find the hidden gold of the dead renegade, and then to prospect in Lost Cañon for traces of gold, and if he found enough to warrant it he would stake out several claims and then let the settlers know the secret.

After a couple of days' diligent search, Buffalo Bill found, just as the renegade had said he would, a large amount in gold. He next made his way, following the directions given him by Golden Hair, to Lost Cañon, and a couple of days' examination showed him that the renegade had told him only the truth in saying that there was gold dust there.

He could well understand why the renegade white chief had forced Golden Hair to play the part of a ghost to prevent any settlers straying there and discovering his secret.

Convinced that the mountains had some rich traces of yellow metal, he staked out one claim in the name of Helen Truett and another for himself and Lawrence McCror, and then decided to report the discovery of gold to the settlement upon his return there, as well as to the commandant of the fort.

That night he returned home to the cabin of the renegade, too utterly tired to build a fire and cook his supper, he threw himself down upon the bed of skins, which were all as they had been left when Red Hand had given passage to Golden Hair, and he at once sank to sleep.

What awoke him he never knew, but he started up to the door, which he had not bolted, slowly open and the form was reflected in the bright moonlight. He had only to glance at that form and recognize Golden Hair's renegade lover, Si Kent.

In an instant Buffalo Bill had grasped his revolver and made ready for a fight to the death.

He had regretted the escape of Si Kent, the renegade, from him near Santa Fé and again at the attack upon the redskins. Now this man had come to the cabin, and he could have but one purpose in view. He did not know that any one was there, and he did know the secret of the dead renegade chief and where the gold was hidden, though Red Hand had not believed he did. That he had come for that gold there was no doubt whatever in the mind of Buffalo Bill.

Suddenly he arose, and covering the renegade with his revolver, he called out, sternly:

"Hands up, Si Kent, or you are a dead man!"

There was a startled cry, a shot from the renegade at random in the direction from which the voice had come, and an answering report from the revolver of the scout. Then there was the leap of a wiry form, a struggle and a heavy fall.

One man arose and threw open the door so that the light came in. That man was Buffalo Bill. The man who lay upon the floor was Si Kent, the renegade, and he was dead.

Throwing a blanket over the dead form, and scouting around to see that the renegade had had no Indians with him, Buffalo Bill then returned to his bed, and it was late when he awoke the next morning.

His first duty was to dig a grave for the body of Si Kent, as soon as he had breakfast, and in the midst of his work he heard the sound of hoofs.

Two horses and riders were in sight, coming toward him.

One rider was Golden Hair, or, rather, Helen Truett.

The other was a tall, handsome young man, who sat his horse splendidly and was well armed.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

CLEARING HIS NAME.

Buffalo Bill leaped out of the grave and greeted them as they rode up, the horseman calling out:

"God bless your noble heart, William Cody, for all that you have done for me."

"I am happy to have served you, pard."

"You got my letters, as your being here proves."

"Yes, and went at once to Santa Fé, found this sweet little lady, who says you are her brother, gave her your letter, and she put herself in my care to come here, and she was the guide; but is Wirt Weldon here?"

"No, Secor, he is down in the settlement, where we go to-morrow, for I wish you and Golden Hair to visit some claims I have staked out for you, while she has a lot of gold old Red Hand left her."

"Yes, and she has promised me that she will go to my mother's home in New Orleans and attend school, and which home I would have never dared visit again but for you, Bill," and the deep voice of Lawrence Secor trembled with emotion.

"You can go anywhere now, and I am glad, indeed, that Golden Hair is willing to be under your mother's care."

"But now to bury Si Kent, and then to our gold finds."

It was early the next evening when the three started down to the settlement, where their arrival with Golden Hair was a great surprise.

But Buffalo Bill placed the young girl in the home of a settler's family, and then told the anxious Weldon that he wished him, in the presence of certain witnesses and before Lawrence Secor, to write down the confession he had made to him before a justice.

This the man did, and Buffalo Bill then gave him the order on the proper authorities in Santa Fé to pay him the money price set upon the head of the red renegade.

"Now, Weldon, though you began wrong, try and lead a different life, and steer clear of the frontier, or you'll regret it."

"I have kept my pledge, for you have taken dishonor off of the name of my friend and given him the chance to run down the one whose tool you were."

"Now, mount your horse and go."

The man needed no second bidding, and left in a hurry.

Several days after, accompanied by an emigrant family who had decided to return to civilization after their experience in Doom Valley, Lawrence Secor and Helen Truett went eastward to seek the home of the young man's mother.

"A clear case of love at first sight, Secor, and luck be with you, for she is worthy of any man."

"Write me when you have cornered your man. Good-bye to both of you." And Buffalo Bill saw the outfit pull out on its way, after which he set out upon his return to the fort, where Lawrence Secor's letter of appeal had found him.

Lawrence Secor's first duty was to take Helen Truette to his mother. Then he sought the town from which he had fled under a cloud.

Upon arriving there, he went at once to the home of Mr. Duffingwell, and upon asking for that gentleman the surprised servant told him that the former head of the firm had been dead for months.

"And Mr. Leonard Duffingwell?"

"Is not at home, sir, but will be later."

"Is Miss Duffingwell at home?"

"Yes, sir."

"Will you say that I wish to see her upon an important business matter?"

Lulu Duffingwell swept into the room a few minutes later, wondering who her strange visitor could be, and

h a startled cry she recognized in the tall, handsome
n before her the one whom she had so dearly loved in
past, yet sacrificed from her pride of family and
ne, and who now stood before her, able to prove his
ocence of crimes.

* * * * *

What took place between the wronged man, Lawrence
Secor, and Lulu Duffingwell need not be told, more than
say that when Leonard Duffingwell returned home that
night he found in his home one whom he had every rea-
son to fear.

He was given his choice by Lawrence Secor to go to
prison for his crime, or to make a full confession of his
crime and then fly from the country.

"I grant you the alternative because I once loved your
father, and your father was good to me. Draw what
money you can, and go your way as soon as you have
made the confession I demand, or go to prison. What
will you do?"

So had said Lawrence Secor to him, and the choice
was quickly made. In the presence of an attorney and
two witnesses, Leonard Duffingwell made his confession
of guilt, and, freeing Lawrence Secor from all blame,
that night he fled from the city.

For several days no exposé was made by Lawrence
Secor, that the man might escape; but then the truth
came out as to who had really been the thieves—who
had robbed the firm of Duffingwell & Company.

When the affairs of the firm were settled it was found
that only a few thousands of dollars remained to Lulu
Duffingwell, and learning of the disgrace of her brother
and the loss of her fortune, the young man to whom she
was engaged severed the engagement at once.

A disappointed woman, she retired to an humble home
in a country village, where she lived an old maid, while
her brother, caught in criminal acts abroad, took his own

With Lawrence Secor it was far different, for he made
his fortune in the mines, and after Helen Truett had passed
several years at the boarding school he made her

his wife, and he has never had reason to regret that he
wedded, through the noble act of Buffalo Bill, the one
who was known in her girlhood as Golden Hair, The
Ghostly Guide of Doom Valley.

TO BE CONTINUED.

KIT CARSON'S GREEN TRAPPER.

A friend of Kit Carson, who knew him well, relates
the following anecdote about this famous trapper and
guide:

In the summer of 1846 he with one or two other old
trappers left Bent's Fort for Bald Buttes, thirty miles
north of there, where there was plenty of buffalo and
excellent chances for beaver or otter. They had with
them a thoroughly green Irishman. It was his first
season on the plains, and, of course, he was very anxious
to become a good hunter, and in a little while he got his
initial lesson. He was told by the men and Carson, who
was the leader, that every man who went out after game
was to bring some in. O'Neil, the green one, said he
was willing to abide by the orders, and would start out
that evening. He caught up his rifle and made for a
small herd of mountain buffalo, in full view of all, a few
hundred yards from where they stood watching him.
After O'Neil had gone and was beyond their vision on
account of a low "divide" which he had crossed, they
heard the discharge of his rifle in the distance, and in a
few moments that gentleman came running into camp,
bareheaded, without his gun, and a buffalo bull close
after him. Both were going at their level best, O'Neil
shouting like a madman:

"Here we come, be jabers. Stop us for the love of
God!"

Just as they came in among the tents, the bull not
more than six feet behind the Irishman, who was fright-
ened out of his wits, and blowing like a locomotive, his
toe caught in a rope, and over he went into a puddle of
water, and in his fall turned over several kettles, one of
which contained the supper for the whole outfit. But the
buffalo did not get off so easily, for "Shawnee Jake" and
Carson snatched their guns and tumbled the animal over
before he had done any further mischief.

The Irishman was heartily laughed at after he got out
of the water, for a lot of mountain men will show no
mercy to one of their number with a misfortune of this
character. O'Neil stood there with wet clothes and face
covered with mud, but his mother wit came to him at
once. He said: "Be jabers, yez may laugh; but yez
can't say I didn't carry out me order. For sure, haven't I
fetched the mate into camp, and there was no bargain
whether it be dead or alive at all?"

LOOK AT THIS, BOYS!

19 PRIZES. || ANECDOTE PRIZE CONTEST || PR

WHO HAS HAD THE MOST EXCITING EXPERIENCE?

THAT'S the idea, boys. You have all had some narrow escapes, some dangerous adventures in your life. Perhaps it was the capsizing of a boat, or the scaling of a cliff, or a close shave in a burning building, or something else equally thrilling.

WRITE IT UP JUST AS IT HAPPENED.

We offer a handsome Prize for the most exciting and best written anecdote sent us by any reader of **BUFFALO BILL WEEKLY**. The incident, of course, must relate to something that has happened to the writer himself. It must also be strictly true.

It makes no difference how short the articles are, but no contribution must be longer than 500 words.

HERE ARE THE PRIZES!

TWO FIRST PRIZES.

For Two Most Exciting and Best Written Anecdotes.

Two first-class Spalding Standard Athletic Sweaters. Made of the finest Australian lambs' wool, exceedingly soft. Full fashioned to body and arms, and without seams of any kind. Colors: White Navy Blue, Black and Maroon.

TWO SECOND PRIZES.

For Two Second Best Anecdotes.

Two pairs of Raymond's All Clamp Ball Bearing Roller Skates. Bearings of the finest tempered steel, with 128 steel balls. For speed no skate has ever approached it.

FIVE THIRD PRIZES.

For Five Next Best Anecdotes.

Five pairs of Winslow's Speed Extension Ice Skates, with extension foot plates. These skates have detachable welded steel racing runners, also an extra set of short runners for fancy skating.

FOR NEXT TEN BEST ANECDOTES.

A Spalding 12 inch "Long Distance" Megaphone. Made of fire board, capable of carrying the sound of a human voice one mile, and in some instances, two miles. More fun than a barrel of monkeys.

The contest will continue until Dec. 1st, next.

Send in your anecdotes at once, boys. We are going to publish all of the best ones during the progress of the contest.

We will have to reserve to ourselves the right of judging which anecdote has the most merit, but our readers know that they may depend upon Street & Smith and on their absolute fairness and justice in conducting contests. This one will be no exception to the rule.

REMEMBER!

Whether your contribution wins a prize or not, it stands a good chance of being published together with the name of the writer.

To become a contestant for these prizes, fill out the **Anecdote Contest Coupon**, printed herewith, fill it out properly, and send it to **BUFFALO BILL WEEKLY**, care of Street & Smith, 238 William St., New York City, together with your anecdote. No anecdote will be considered unless it is accompanied by this coupon.

COUPON.

"BUFFALO BILL WEEKLY" ANECDOTE CONTEST
PRIZE CONTEST No. 1.

Date.....

Name.....

City or town.....

State.....

Title of Anecdote.....

PRIZE ANECDOTE DEPARTMENT.

During the progress of the Anecdote Prize Contest this space will be devoted to the publication of the best anecdotes sent in by the contestants.

Here are some of those received this week. They are coming in with a rush, so hurry up, boys, and get yours in early.

Almost Hugged to Death.

(By Willard E. Baker, Denver, Col.)

This incident that I'm about to write occurred last October a few miles from this city.

We had been hunting all day and were returning to our tent, with a large bunch of turkeys in our arms. On nearing the tent Pete, our colored servant, came running up to us, saying:

"Oh! massa, dar am a big bar down dar in de tent, an' he rasin' particular mischief with things; come, hurry up."

We were all this time getting nearer the tent.

"Be careful, massa. He am big," said Pete.

We had now reached the tent, and I told Frank Martin to go around to the other side of the tent, fire at him through a hole in the tent, and if he came out of the door I would fire at him. Frank went around to the other side of the tent, and in less than a minute there was a report, followed by a groan, and the bear came running out of the tent. I raised my rifle and fired, the ball entering his side. He turned around, and, raising up his hind feet, made a grab for me, taking me around the waist, and, before I could use my knife, which was in my belt, he hugged so hard that I could not speak, or use one finger, nor could I breathe.

I heard the report of a rifle, the grip gave way, and I became unconscious.

When I awoke I was lying on my bed in the tent. The first thing I said was:

"Where is the bear?"

Frank pointed to the door. I saw Pete kneeling beside the bear, cutting the animal open, and in a little while Bruin was skinned.

Frank had come around the tent when he heard my shot, and seeing the condition I was in loaded his gun and fired, killing the bear instantly. I have often thanked Frank for his saving my life.

A Brave Deed.

(By James S. Murphy, Lancaster, Pa.)

One fine morning in June George Kehoe and I took a walk, as usual, in the country, for pleasure, as we had nothing else to do. As we neared Farmer Williams' cottage we saw thick volumes of smoke coming through the roof and upper windows. We at once gave the alarm to the villagers, and soon the whole population was there, some with water and others with blankets.

That morning Farmer Williams and his wife went to visit a few miles off, leaving their only child, a beautiful girl about eight summers, at home to take care of herself. Little did we think what was going on at home now.

Well, as I said, men came from all directions with water, but all in vain; the whole top was now in flames, when suddenly cries for help came from between the flames out of the upper window. Then it at once struck us that it must be little Emma.

Louder and louder came the poor child's cries, but no one seemed to care to help her. No wonder, for the flames that came out the windows and roof would have devoured you in one minute. Certain death would be to the one who would try to help the poor child. At least, that was what the crowd thought.

Still the cries for help were heard, when suddenly something inside me made me rush to the house and through the door. I stumbled along through the smoke, and how I ever reached the little girl's room I don't know to this day. I learned afterward that it was about five minutes later when I appeared before the window with the flames all around me, crying for a ladder.

Soon a ladder was hoisted against the house and I quickly descended with Emma tightly clasped in my arms, both of us having had our hands and face burned a little.

Farmer Williams was quickly dispatched for, and he just came in time to see me come down the ladder with Emma in my arms.

"Oh, my child! my child! Jimmie, you have saved my child from a terrible death. How can I thank you? Here, Jimmie, take this."

It was a splendid gold watch and chain. I took it and expressed my thanks.

Soon nothing was left of the house but smoldering embers.

Nigh Unto Death.

(By Will Newton, Norwalk, Conn.)

I was in New York, and having wandered through the city all day I sought my boarding house, which was situated in one of the out-of-the-way streets, where not a few crimes and murders had taken place.

After eating a hearty supper, I retired to my sleeping quarters, and left my hand lamp dimly burning on my table in the corner of the room. Being so very tired I was soon fast asleep.

How long I slept I could not say, but of a sudden I seemed to hear some one at the outside door. I listened. Yes, it was no mistake. There was some one there, and by means of false keys he had entered and closed the door softly behind him. Slowly and softly he crept up the stairs, and stole along the hallway, and stopped at my chamber door. He took from his pocket a bunch of keys, and tried them one after another, but none seemed to fit the lock. He tried another, and lo! it turned back the bolt with ease and he entered. Laying a

revolver on the table, and extinguishing the lights, he moved cautiously to my bedside. He took from his hip pocket a long gleaming dagger. I knew my time had come, and tried to cry out, but my voice failed me. I tried to rise, but I could not stir. He raised the dagger above his head, and with a yell, which seemed to shake the very foundation of the earth, I awoke, only to find that it was all a dream.

Was I not "nigh unto death?"

Encounter With a Panther.

(By George Hinckley, Corinth, N. Y.)

I was driving with a boy friend from Corinth to Conklingsville, Saratoga County, New York, late at night, last winter, when my horse shied. I struck the horse with a halter, one end of which was tied to the sleigh to prevent its being lost. The next instant a panther sprang squarely into the sleigh, and with a blow of his paw tore all the clothing from my breast. I just saved my neck by getting my left arm into the panther's mouth, and the arm was bitten through.

I had, in the excitement of the moment, struck the beast on the mouth and the head stall passing accidentally over the animal, and being a slip noose, tightened in the struggle so that it choked. Its powerful paws were still clawing me when the sleigh, the frightened horse running at lightning speed, struck a bank and tipped. We and the beast went into the snow, but the horse rushed on, dragging the sleigh, and behind it the panther at the end of the halter. We got to a neighboring house. The broken sleigh and dead panther were found half a mile farther on, and the horse reached the stable in safety.

An Adventure With Wolves.

(By Chris. A. Gunn, Ottawa, Canada.)

I submit the following true incident, which happened last winter, and desire to be entered as a contestant in your prize anecdote contest.

I encountered a pack of wolves in a district northeast of the Gatineau River, a district remarkable only for its mountainous character, the range being called Mount Diable, or Devil's Mountain.

Approaching the foot of the mountain, I beheld full in view, and only a short distance away, on a small entrance, a pack of wolves, twenty-seven in number, devouring the remains of a deer. This was rather an unpleasant position to be in, and the only recourse for safety was retreat or to climb a tree. The former I decided on with much delay, but on turning about I found that the two Indians (my companions) had gone. I saw to my revolvers as my friends immediately, and found them all right. I determined to live as long as I could, and to sell my life as dearly as possible. I began the retreat, however, with all the haste that my physical powers were capable of, but was soon alarmed by hearing the howling of the wolves in pursuit.

I have always prided myself on my fleetness of foot, as I have seldom met my equal, but in this race with wolves I lost ground very fast. I quickly realized that the attempt to escape was vain, for at the rate of going I could not hold out long, and, therefore, believing that "prudence was the better part of valor," I concluded to climb a tree, and though it took me but a very few moments to reach a convenient bough, I was none too quick, for the pack was nigh on hand, anxious for a fresh dish after disposing of the deer.

They drew up in line, about ten yards from the tree, considering the opportunity a good one, I commenced to bellow at them, with deadly effect, no less than four falling, answer to seven shots. This destructive fire did not abate their fury in the least, and I proceeded to draw my second revolver, unfortunately, it caught in a twig and was jerked out of my hand to the ground. I now felt my predicament a worse one than ever, fearing that they would remain and starve out, or until I should become benumbed with the cold, fall an easy prey to the ravenous pack. My buffalo coat I left in the cutter, and, being very thinly clad, I began very soon to experience the effects of the cold.

The wolves, I believe, realized my helplessness, and bellowed accordingly. They walked up to the foot of the tree, which was a very small one, and as they could not reach by leaping, they began to gnaw it down.

I decided upon a plan. Taking out my knife, I cut the lowest limb I could reach, and leaving a hook on the end of it, I caught hold of a large cedar tree about ten feet off, and as the wolves continued gnawing and my perch got more and more unsteady, I pulled on the pole and drew the tree over toward the cedar. With a desperate exertion, and after several minutes of deep anxiety, I succeeded in gaining the cedar, took up a safe position among the branches. The wolves uttered a fierce howl and took their departure, but I did venture to descend from my perch until the last sound from them was faintly heard from the distant hills.

A Terrible Experience in the Snow.

(By Tom Wallace, Los Angeles, Cal.)

I am writing this incident myself, so you see I am still alive, but for a time I thought I would never pull through. It happened fourteen years old when the following adventure happened.

Thomas F. Watson, a young man of twenty-three years, who had been in Round Valley on a visit, attempted to return to home some six miles north of that place. I wanted to see my uncle and family, with whom I had been living for years, so I concluded to go with Watson, and we started on snowshoes.

We ascended the mountain north of the town with especial difficulty, but, after turning the summit, one of Watson's snowshoes got away from him, which left him no other alternative but to wade in four or five feet of snow. This did quite a distance down the hill, until I lost one of my snowshoes. When Watson took the remaining two shoes, and attempted to pack me, which he did for a few steps only, when he found it impossible to proceed in that manner.

Night was now coming on, and Watson, becoming considerably exhausted, appeared to give up, and, although we were but little more than a mile from Watson's place, I could induce him to make another effort to go there. Sinking down in the snow he commenced to beat himself, deplore his situation, and implored me to lie down beside him that we might die together. Refusing to lie down, I told him that I would go back and procure assistance. I accordingly started off for that purpose, but, after proceeding a short distance with much difficulty, I found a place where the uplifting of the roots of a tree had formed a shed, under which there was little or no snow. I then concluded to try and get Watson in there before leaving him.

I accordingly returned to my companion, tramping down the snow to enable him to get through; but I could not induce him to move, and, after an unsuccessful attempt to drag him

I watched with him until he died, and, day breaking, I started for home.

About nine o'clock Saturday morning I had succeeded in reaching the fence near the house, when I halloed and my uncle came to my assistance. My hands and feet were frozen, but I did not lose any of my limbs.

A Revengeful Elephant.

(By John Hooley, Troy, N. Y.)

Some of the animals belonging to Forepaugh's menagerie were kept over Sunday in Troy, N. Y., while the others were sent on to Albany, the place selected for the next exhibition. The four elephants, a male and female grown and two young ones, were kept in a vacant lot at the corner of Vail avenue and Middleburgh street, Troy, and attracted crowds during the day, who watched the animals as they fed, and offered them sundry little delicacies. I noticed the elephants and thought to have a little fun with them, and getting some apples and candy, proceeded to feed the animals. After feeding the male elephant, I turned to the female to divide my favors; the animal seemed somewhat restless, but I did not question her kindness, and approached her fearlessly. Tossing her a lump of candy it passed at once into the mouth and lodged in one of the glands under the tongue.

I saw that something was wrong, and, guessing at the cause, thrust my hand into her mouth; in removing the lump my nail scratched so deep as to draw blood from the delicate lining of the mouth in sufficient quantity to stain my hand. Without warning, the animal wound its trunk about my body, from left to right, and gave me a boa-constrictor-like hug, which took my breath away and made my head spin. I allowed myself to drop and thus slipped out of the deadly coil. I crawled between her forelegs and half rolled, half sprang out of her reach, as she turned, nimbly around at the length of her chain, with uplifted trunk. I was slightly hurt by the bruises, but went to school as usual on Monday morning.

A Fight With a Wildcat.

(By William Lyall, Reno, Nevada.)

I recently had considerable of a tussle with a wildcat, and I desire to relate my experience and enter in your anecdote contest.

I was out hunting with a couple of dogs. When near the lower end of my father's ranch the dogs scared up the cat, which, being pressed hard, turned and stood suddenly at bay. One of the dogs, a shepherd, bounced into it at once, which action the "varmint" was waiting for, as she soon had him down and was biting him savagely. The other dog, attacking it from the rear, managed to put the cat on the defensive. At this juncture the animal managed to disengage herself, and made a rush for me. I had been unable to get a shot in for fear of killing my dogs. I received her with the butt end of my gun, breaking it over her; but she, nothing daunted, evinced such a strong determination to force the battle that I was glad to leave the gun barrels in her possession. Rallying my dogs for another onset, and grasping the stock of my gun, my sole weapon, I advanced to where stood the cat, with gleaming eyes, seemingly emitting flashes of fire, her tail waving impatiently in the air as if in defiance to me.

Quick as a flash the feline sprang at me, but I managed to meet her with a blow from my gun barrel, which I had managed to regain, laying her dead at my feet. The cat, on being taken to the ranch, was found to weigh thirty-three pounds, and measured three feet four inches from tip to tip.

A Brave Attempt at Rescue.

(By Charles Murray, Warren, Pa.)

One day last year Mrs. Charles Ginty, living near Warren, left her house in charge of her three children and a neighbor's child, while she went to make some purchases. Sarah

Smiley, the neighbor's child, was aged seven. During the absence of Mrs. Ginty the girls got the kerosene oil can, and were playing with it near the stove. The little girls in some way spilled the oil out of the can, and a spark snapping from the stove ignited it before it could be taken up. I was passing by the house at the time. The blaze of the burning oil filled the room, and the screams of the children attracted me, and I rushed into the house. The flames were between the door and the children, but I rushed through them and first snatched the baby from the cradle and bore it back through the flames and laid it, badly burned, on the ground outside. The Smiley girl got out of a back window, and escaped with slight bruises.

As soon as I had deposited the baby sister in a safe place I hurried back to bring out Maggie, the three-year-old. I fought my way through the wall of fire, and as I reached the space on the other side, saw the little girl enter a closet on that side of the house and shut and fasten the door. I hammered on the door and called her name, and begged her to open the door, for I saw that the house was doomed. The little girl seemed to be crazed with fright, however, and did not open the door. I was finally compelled to abandon her to her fate, and fly for my own life.

Before assistance arrived the house was all in flames, and I was found lying on the ground near the baby, almost unconscious, and was unable to tell the men who were trying to put the fire out that the little girl was locked in the closet in the burning house. A portion of the bedding and furniture was removed, while the child was left to be consumed.

It was not until the house was burned up that the terrible announcement was made that one of the children was missing. A search was made among the ruins, and the charred remains of the unfortunate child were found. My clothing was nearly all burned off and my hair singed. I was laid up a long time, and still bear the scars of the burns.

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He was a Kentuckian, and was born in Madison County, Ky., in 1809. Carson's father moved to Missouri when Kit was only one year old. Missouri was then called Upper Louisiana. When Mr. Carson went there with his family it was a wild region, abounding in wild game, but infested on all sides with Indians, often hostile, and always treacherous.

Mr. Carson lived in a sort of block house or fort, as a precaution against the attacks of the neighboring Indians. Thus Kit early in life became accustomed to the presence of danger.

At the age of fifteen Kit Carson was apprenticed to Mr. Workman, a saddler. This work, though, was not very much to the taste of a boy already accustomed to the use of a rifle, and the stirring pleasures of the hunter's life, and at the end of two years his apprenticeship was terminated, as it was too slow for him.

Young as he was, Kit was acknowledged to be one of the best shots even in that State, where lived some of the most accurate marksmen in the country.

He now took up the active employment of a trader's life.

His new pursuit was more congenial. He joined an armed band of traders in an expedition to Santa Fe, the capital of New Mexico.

This, at that period (1826) was a decidedly perilous undertaking, on account of the Indian tribes who were ever ready to attack a trading caravan, when there was any prospect of overcoming it.

No attack was made on the party, however, and no incident of importance occurred, except an accident to one of the teamsters who wounded himself by carelessly

handling a loaded rifle, so that he had to have his arm amputated.

In this operation young Carson assisted, the surgical instruments being a razor, an old saw and an iron bolt, heated red hot, in order to apply the actual cautery.

Notwithstanding this rough surgery, the man recovered.

In November, 1826, the party arrived at Santa Fe, the capital and the largest town of the then Mexican province of New Mexico.

It was then the great emporium of the overland trade.

Soon after his arrival in Santa Fe, Carson left the trading band and proceeded to Fernandez de Taos. In this place Carson passed the winter of 1826-27 at the house of a retired mountaineer.

It was while there that he acquired the thorough familiarity with the Spanish language, which in after years proved of such value to him.

In the spring he joined a party bound for Missouri, but meeting another band of Santa Fe traders, he joined them and returned to that place.

He now engaged himself as teamster to a party bound for El Paso, a settlement, or more properly, a line of settlements, embracing a population of about 5,000.

On reaching El Paso, young Carson had now arrived at a spot where everything was strange to him.

Soon after he became engaged as Spanish interpreter to a trader named Trammel, with whom he traveled to Chihuahua.

The monotony of this life soon disgusted him, and, after weary weeks passed in comparative idleness, he longed again for the freedom of the prairie and forest, and soon after we find him as a teamster going on an expedition to the copper mines on the river Gila, whence he soon after found his way back to Taos.

It was during this visit to Taos that Carson was at last able to become a regular trapper and hunter.

A party of trappers in the service of Carson's old friend, a Mr. Ewing Young, had returned to Taos, hav-

g been beaten off from their hunting and trapping grounds by a hostile band of Indians.

Mr. Young raised a party of forty men, for the double purpose of chastising the Indians and resuming the business of trapping, and Carson joined them.

The fact that he was accepted for this service was a marked recognition of his valor, as well as his skill in hunting.

The ostensible object of the expedition was to punish the Indians, but its ultimate purpose was to trap beavers. The Mexicans, by an express law, had forbidden granting licenses to any American parties, and in this instance a circuitous route was chosen to conceal their real signs.

They did not fall in with the Indians until they had reached the head of Salt River.

Once in the presence of their enemies they made short work of them, killing fifteen of their warriors, and putting the whole band to rout.

The party pursued their business successfully for some time on the Salt and San Francisco Rivers, when a party of them returned to New Mexico, and the remainder, eighteen in number, under the lead of Mr. Young, started for the valley of Sacramento, California. Carson went to California with the latter party.

Their route led them through one of the dry deserts of the country, and they not only suffered from the want of water, but their provisions gave out and they were unable when they could make a good dinner on horseflesh.

Near the canyon of the Colorado, they encountered a party of Mohave Indians, who furnished them with the provisions, which came in the nick of time.

While they trapped upon the Sacramento, Kit Carson led two expeditions against the Indians.

The Digger Indians at the Mission San Gabriel were active under coerced labor, and forty of them made their escape to a tribe not far away.

The mission demanded the return of these fugitives, and being refused gave battle to the neighboring tribe, which was defeated.

The padre sent to the trappers for assistance to compel the Indians not to harbor their people. Carson and seven of his companions volunteered to aid the mission, and the attack upon the Indian village resulted in the destruction of a third of its inhabitants and compelled them to submission.

Later a party of Indians contrived to drive away sixty horses belonging to the trappers, while the sentinel slept at night.

Carson, with twelve men, was sent in pursuit. It was his duty to follow the fresh trail of so large a drove, yet he pursued them a hundred miles and into the mountains before coming up with them.

The Indians supposed themselves too far away to be followed, and were feasting on the flesh of the stolen horses they had slaughtered.

Carson's party arranged themselves silently and without being seen, and rushing upon the Indian camp, killed eight redskins, and the rest scattered in every direction.

The horses were recovered except the six killed and partly consumed, and taking charge of three Indian children left in camp, they returned to their friends.

Early in the autumn of 1829 Mr. Young and his party of trappers set out on their return home, after a successful trip. In nine days they were ready to commence trapping on the Colorado, and in a short time added here to the large stock of furs they had brought from California.

Here, while left in charge of the camp, with only a few men, Carson found himself suddenly confronted by several hundred Indians.

They were supposed to be friendly Indians.

They entered the camp with the utmost assurance, and acted as though they felt the power of their numbers.

Carson attempted to talk with them, and soon discovered that each of them carried his weapons concealed beneath his garments.

Carson thereupon ordered them out of camp. Seeing the small number of the white men, the Indians were not inclined to obey, but chose to wait their time as they were accustomed to do with the Mexicans.

They soon learned that they were dealing with men of different metal, for Carson was a man not to be trifled with.

His men stood around him, each with his rifle resting in the hollow of the arm, ready to be dropped to deadly aim on the sign from their young commander.

Carson addressed the old chief in Spanish (for he had betrayed his knowledge of that language), and warned him that though they were few, they were determined to sell their lives dearly.

The Indians, surprised by the bold and defiant language of Carson, and suspecting that he must have help near by to speak so calmly, sullenly withdrew, and left the party unmolested.

Any appearance of fear would have cost the lives of Carson and probably of the whole party, but the Indian warriors were too chary of their lives to rush into death's door unprovoked, even for the sake of the rich plunder they might hope to secure.

Carson's cool bravery saved the trappers and all their effects, and this trait in his character is but an instance of his conduct in a hundred other tight spots when the battles were with weapons, instead of with the tongue.

The intention of the Indians had been to drive away the animals, first causing a stampede, when they would become lawful plunder, but they dared not undertake it.

Mr. Young and his party trapped down the Colorado and up the Gila with success, then crossed to the vicinity of the New Mexican copper mines, where they left their furs and went to Santa Fe.

Having procured their license to trade with the Indians about the copper mines, they returned thither for their furs, went back to Santa Fe and disposed of them to great advantage.

The party disbanded with several hundred dollars apiece, Carson, of course, receiving his share with the others.

He was now twenty-one years old, and the terrible ordeal of poverty had been nobly borne and he had conquered.

Such was the boyhood career of the man who was afterward to become the diplomatist between the Sioux and Comanche Indians, who was to guide General Fremont's exploring party to the South Pass in the Rocky Mountains, and to the Great Salt Lake, and to save the famous general from drowning, who was to be summoned to Washington by the President, and later given a colonel's commission in the United States army, and to win a world-wide renown as one of the most famous mountaineers, trappers and guides that this country has ever seen.

THE WAY KIT CARSON TRAPPED BEAVERS.

To be a successful trapper required great caution as well as a perfect knowledge of the habits of the animal. The residence of the beaver was often discovered by seeing bits of green wood, and gnawed branches of the basswood, slippery elm and sycamore, their favorite food, floating on the water, or lodged on the shores of the stream below, as well as by their tracks or footmarks. These indications were technically called beaver signs. They were also sometimes discovered by their dams, thrown across creeks and small sluggish streams, forming a pond in which were erected their habitations.

The hunter, as he proceeded to set his traps, generally approached by water, in his canoe. He selected a steep, abrupt spot in the bank of the creek, in which a hole was excavated with his paddle, as he sat in the canoe, sufficiently large to hold the trap, and so deep as to be about three inches below the surface of the water, when the jaws of the trap were expanded. About two feet above the trap a stick, three or four inches in length, was stuck in the bank. In the upper end of this, the trapper excavated a small hole with his knife, into which he dropped a small quantity of the essence, or perfume, which was used to attract the beaver to the spot. This stick was attached by a string of horse hair to the trap,

and with it was pulled into the water by the beaver. The reason for this was that it might not remain at the spot, and thus prevent their going to where there was another trap ready for them.

The scent, or essence, was made by mingling fresh castor of the beaver with an extract of the bark of the roots of the spice bush, and kept in a bottle for use. The making of this essence was held a profound secret, and often sold for a considerable sum to the young trappers by the older proficient in the mystery of beaver hunting. Where they had no proper bait they sometimes made use of the fresh roots of sassafras, or spice bush, of both these the beaver was very fond.

It is said by old trappers that they will smell a well-prepared essence the distance of a mile. Their sense of smell is very acute, or they would not so readily detect the vicinity of man by the smell of his trail. The aroma of the essence having attracted the animal into the vicinity of the trap in his attempt to reach it, he has to climb up on to the bank where it is sticking. This effort leads him directly over the trap, and he is usually taken by one of the forelegs. The trap was connected by a chain of iron, six feet in length, to a stout line made of the bark of the leatherwood, twisted into a neat cord, fifteen or twenty feet. These were usually prepared by the trappers at home or at their camps, for cords of hemp or flax were scarce in the days of beaver hunting. The end of the line was secured to a stake driven into the bed of the creek under water, and in his struggles to escape the beaver was usually drowned before the arrival of the trapper. Sometimes, however, he freed himself by gnawing off his own leg, though this was rarely the case. If there was a prospect of rain, or it was raining at the time of setting the trap, a leaf, generally of sycamore, was placed over the essence stick to protect it from the rain.

The beaver being a very sagacious and cautious animal, it required great care in the trapper in his approach to its haunts to set his traps that no scent of his feet or hands was left on the earth, or bushes that he touched. For this reason he generally approached in a canoe. If he had no canoe, it was necessary to enter the stream thirty or forty yards below, and walk in the water to the place, taking care to return in the same manner, lest the beaver should take alarm and not come near the bait, his fear of the vicinity of man was greater than his sense of appetite for the essence. It also required caution in kindling a fire near their haunts, as the smell of smoke alarmed them. The firing of a gun, also, often marred the sport of the trapper, and thus it will be seen that to make a successful beaver hunter required more qualities or natural gifts than fall to the share of most men.



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